

## COWHIDED BY A WOMAN.

### A JACKSONVILLE MERCHANT WHIPPED IN HIS OWN STORE.

**Mrs. Annie Tallaferra of New York Winded the Marchion—She Accused Her Victim of Entangling Her Husband, and of Trying to Injure Her Character.**

**JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 6.**—Mr. John E. Clark of the wholesale grocery firm of John Clark, Son & Co., was cowed last evening by Mrs. Annie Tallaferra, the wife of Robert E. Tallaferra of New York city. The chastisement was inflicted on Mr. Clark's store, and was witnessed by about a dozen clerks. After receiving several severe lashes Mr. Clark escaped through a back door. In an interview Mrs. Tallaferra said:

"I was married to Robert A. Tallaferra in New York on April 7, 1886. My husband is a brother of the wife of John E. Clark. I was living with my husband in Thirty-fifth street, New York, last year. My child was then a few weeks old. John E. Clark came North, and visited us at our house. He was in an intoxicated condition.

the "insulting language to me and others," and "the fact that he had taken him out of my house. Then leaving he said: 'I will get with you yet.' My husband's answer was: 'I will get with you yet, for the sake of my child.' It bore its full fruit, as he died last August. The morning of the funeral, I was told that he had been going to work at Acker, Merrall & Condit's place. He left me affectionately, and asked me to go with him to the funeral. I was taken. During my absence he went home, sold the most of my household effects, took my children to his mother's home, and disappeared. I have already a certified copy of the death certificate of my son, Bretran, of Jacksonville, asking him to join me in the burying my husband, and received an answer saying that my husband was here in the employ of John Clark, who was here in the city and arrived here on Friday, Nov. 15, only to find that he had been taken by my mother and had left the city. While here, he was informed that he passed himself off as my husband, and was recognized by my son, Mr. Clark. It was not enough for my husband, nothing upon the advice of John Clark, to

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**Two Duels Fought by the Late Gov. Mar-  
maduke.**

*From the Chicago Tribune.*

Even in West Point the fighting qualities of the Governor were displayed. It was there that he fought his duel with reference to which he has ever been publicly made to this duel, because at the time it was necessarily sup-  
posed to be a duel. It was a duel, because it was a duel in the small coterie of officers who were cognizant of the fight, but never has it been known to the public. The Governor's career as a soldier might have ended abruptly. The duel arose over a slight dispute. The Governor was then a captain, and with a fellow cadet named Freaser Oram, a challenge passed between the two, and was accepted. The weapon was a pair of pistols, the time sunrise, and the place Florida Walk. The Governor and his opponent met time and place with the second, and the changed shots. Fortunately neither was hurt.

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Gen. Walker was determined to kill Marmaduke, and at the first he aimed to kill, but a shot from the other side of the line discouraged him so much that he failed to hit his man. Marmaduke's quick grin was either a confession of his own cowardice or he declared to his friends that he did not want to kill Walker, and his first shot indicated that he was sure of his man. Both sides were each other at their respective positions both were cool and calm. Walker had a determined look on his face, such as a soldier has when a fight is on, while Marmaduke carried himself simply. At the word Walker brought his pistol out and fired at once.

Walker saw Marmaduke flash as the bravest man will do under similar circumstances, and spoiled his aim, so that the bullet missed. Marmaduke's aim was not so good. Walker's nerve to some extent was made him uncertain, but Marmaduke had been forming his mind to kill, and he was not so easily thrown off his guard. Walker distinctly, but he noticed three waves in line with him. The two nearest Marmaduke were the most dangerous.

*Mercer killed by Women.*

*From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

CEDAR SPRINGS, Mich., Dec. 30.—It doesn't appear just what led George Morehouse of this place to his death at the hands of a certain damming woman again; Mrs. Henry Avery and Mrs. Mary Curran. When the smoke cleared away from the scene it was found that Morehouse's back and the red scars on his face and the serpentine stripes on his neck and legs of a negro man named John had been severely exercised indeed in last evening by Mrs. Avery and Mrs. Curran was at the discomfort of the couple who were quarreling about their rights. The howling took place on the street about dusk. The women were armed with stout sticks with which they beat the poor fellow.

cloaks until Morehouse was encountered. They were being blown with rage. Mrs. Avery first stepped forward, and with business-like efficiency bludgeoned Morehouse's face while dueling him. He put up his hands to save his face, when Mrs. Curran stepped forward with legs, and the victim began to dance to the music of the whips. Morehouse turned and ran, and Mrs. Curran followed him, laying their leather rods on vigorously with every step.

They took refuge in a convenient house. Mrs. Curran following him, while Mrs. Avery remained outside at the door. Mrs. Curran told Morehouse to get up, but he would not get up, and she thought he had fainted. When he reappeared he caught it from Mrs. Avery. Then he ran like a deer over a vacant lot and disappeared into the woods. He did not stay, when the town at once felt called upon to grow much excited. The ladies have the sympathy of the community. They have no male protectors.

**Game Booms in Maine.**  
*From the Boston Herald.*  
**BANGOR, Dec. 31.—**Fish and Game Commis-

sloners Killwell and Stanley have about sloners their season's work. A sociologist will be in the season the coming winter, no report will be made. Regarding game, the Dominion Game Commission has issued a report regarding coming in indicate a wonderful increase of all the large game, moose, caribou, and deer. The Commission does not think that his increase has been wonderful, and appears to be well distributed all over the country. In those areas where game is not driven by dogs they afford fine sport. Several have been shot this season within the limits of the Dominion Game Commission, and in Hancock, Washington, Aroostook, and Penobscot counties, and have even appeared in the city. They have been seen within two miles of Grand Island village.

*A Georgia Mountain Season*  
*From the Escondido News*

As usual the mountain vicinity leads in sensation. Just now there is considerable excitement in that neighborhood concerning the elopement of a young girl, who is said to be a young girl about 16 years old Sunday